LADIES MUSEUM.

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LADIES MUSEUM,

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Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

ON THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF MEMORY.

Whenever memory has been treated as a subject of speculative enquiry, the affections, common to humanity, instead of the qualities peculiar to the individual, have been selected for its operation. One poet, with all the enthusiasm of genius, and all the charms of verse, expatiates upon the pleasures of memory, while another enlarges upon its pains.—Memory recalls the delightful season of youth, when existence is clothed with a thousand gay colors—when the dreams of ambition assume the force of probability, and friendship seems something more than an empty name. Memory also tells

"Of time mispent—of comfort lost—
Of fair occasions gone forever by—
Of hopes, too fondly nurs'd, too rudely cross'd—
Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die."

All are capable of these sensations. But when memory is considered in a moral view as co-operating with conscience, to reprove vice and promote morality, it will be found that the good cannot feel its pains, nor the vicious enjoy its pleasures. The most painful reminiscences of the virtuous are ever accompanied by resignation and hope; while the only attendant upon the recollections of the wicked is an anxious, but ineffectual, wish to forget.

When the accomplished Jugurtha had reached the summit of his ambition, the remembrance of broken faith—of murdered kindred—of his blood-stained country, rose up before him, and embittered every moment of his existence. Sylla, by his patronage of the arts and sciences, rendered his name immortal—but the historian records that, on his death bed, he wished to drown the memory of his crimes, and the stings of conscience, by continual intoxication. Was Bacon happy? His intellectual powers adorned and improved the world, but the feelings of moral depravity debased and agonized himself.

But let us turn from this melancholy picture of human weakness, to a brighter prospect, and here the forms of Cato and Aristides—Howard, Locke and Cowper strike our mental vision. How sweet was memory to them! How fraught with whatever could render life pleasant, and take from death all its terrors! Washington, too, who, like the fabled God of the ocean, raised his majestic head amidst the storms of the revolution, and quelled the rage of war, carried with him to the shades of Mount Vernon, the memory of a life spent without reproach, among "scenes that tried men's souls." Can I mention one, to whom memory yields a purer gratification than to him, who, after the lapse of nearly half a century, returned to visit his adopted country? He will pass the evening of his days, blessed with the retrospect of a well spent life, and of the lively gratitude of a great and free people.

It is evident, then, that neither wealth nor power, genius nor learning, constitute, of themselves, peace of mind. Memory can neither be silenced nor eluded: this relentless, but faithful monitor can convert the music of unmerited applause into the grating sounds of irony and reproach, or make the calumny, which wounds the ear of innocence, fall lightly upon the heart. How important, then, is it, to our happiness, that we sedulously cultivate this noble faculty of the mind, as an intellectual garden where every choice and beautiful plant should be nourished—and from which every noxious herb should be carefully excluded.

THE WEDDING.

It was a fresh and balmy morning in the delightful month of May, and nature seemed to have forgotten the ravages of winter, and smiled like a young bride, decorated in the blooms of youth and beauty, and waiting to welcome the embrace of summer. The meadows were gay with luxuriant verdure; the flowers hailed the genial influence of the reviving season, and loaded the air with sweets; and the young birds, participating in the general joy, mingled their songs with the voice of the gentle zephyrs. But the beauty of nature was forgotten—the song of the birds unheard—for Lucy Brooks was to be married that day—and every head in Aylesbury was full of the important subject. The girls, in merry groups, might be seen at every porch, discussing the various items of arrangement, and making their combined preparations for the scene, forgetful of the hour of dinner; and here and there a straggling gallant reconnoitered the ground to see how things were going forward; or culled for a favorite fair one a bunch of pretty flowers, to decorate her hair. It seemed as though all the world fancies of happiness was that morning summed up in the glorious thought of outrivalling in gaiety the gayest.

The bride, a pretty girl of seventeen, proud of the noise and bustle she was making in the village, her fine wedding dress all ready, and a bride's maid at her nod, perfectly satisfied with herself and with every body else, waited with little apparent anxiety for time to bring the appointed hour. The bright dreams of a holiday life were all before her.

Lucy had always been, on more than one account, the admiration of the gay ones of the village. She was of a light, airy form; and the fine proportions of her person, and the attractive beauty of her face, were always displayed to the best possible advantage. There was a peculiar neatness ever remarked in her dress; every thing about her was *becoming*—a word which signifies much; and it was often said that Lucy would make a delightful wife, she was so smart, so genteel, and, withal, so perfectly economical—a consideration of vast weight among the old-fashioned people, particularly, though the young, even in those days, seemed disposed to attach rather less consequence to it.

The morning's preparations were succeeded by the evening's gathering; and before the sun had gone behind the high mountains that girdled the western horizon, the rural home of farmer Brooks presented a spectacle that would have made a cold heart warm, and even age feel young again. The formal ceremonies of fashionable cities had not yet broken in upon the simplicity of early customs; and more than a score of pretty girls, in white, crowned with flowers, and decorated with green, sported on the grass before the door; the bride, herself, in the midst of them; and each with a gallant at her side; the more aged amused themselves by crowding the door and windows, and looking on the sport; while all within was preparation for the wedding supper.

Many an eye then turned and turned again to the young couple, whose hearts and hands were now to be joined indissolubly. She was a beautiful bride, and her young intended husband eyed her with a triumphant look of pride. He loved her because she was beautiful; because he thought her the prettiest in the village; because she was young, and lively, and admired. And though still she made many an effort to be coy, and tried to put on a care-for-nobody kind of a look, a truant glance often strayed towards him, which plainly told, that even if she did not admire especially his manly form, and frank and open manner, she at least loved him because he loved her.

When the all important hour had at length arrived, the young people were called in, and the worthy 'Squire, putting on his spectacles, performed the ceremony with all the gravity imaginable, and with a dexterity and promptness, withal, that was doubtless sharpened by the savory smell of sundry roasted ducks and turkeys, which came cheeringly from the adjoining apartment; the pretty bride and her chosen consort were pronounced man and wife; their hands and lips were joined, and the mutual promises extorted without any unnecessary circumlocution; no fainting; no tears; no whimpering; a glorious kissing followed; and then, forthwith, the supper—

as important a matter, in the estimation of the cool and calculating among the company, as any other.

I shall leave them there for the present; I never dare follow much further the course of things on such occasions; and at a single period pass to the counterpart of the story.

I rode, a year afterwards, by a prettily situated farm house, half secluded from view by a cluster of venerable oaks: it was the residence of Lucy and her husband; and the strong propensity I felt to see my old friend, induced me to call a moment. I found her in the midst of business—though not busy; she was a wife now; and she had fallen into the most fatal error—carelessness of appearance. The floor was strewed with rubbish; every thing was out of place; and she appeared perfectly slovenly in her person; and when I gazed on her, I could not but recal to mind the pretty, neat, sprightly girl that won Joe Miller's affections, and contrast her appearance with the same pretty girl, now Joe Miller's wife. She was but a year older, yet ten years less attractive.—I would have given my eyes to have kissed her once; but the enchantment was gone. I wondered if her husband thought so.

I said Lucy had fallen into a sad error: and she is not the only one which has fallen into the same.—Her days of courtship over; the first young dream of love ended; married, and settled down in life, she had forgotten that the charms that attract love in the first instance, are necessary to retain it; she thought, as she had won a husband, it was not necessary to practice any of the means, by which she won him, to secure his affections.

I had been sitting but a few minutes when Joe came in, and welcomed me, in his frank and cordial manner; but I saw there was a cloud upon his brow; that he felt hurt. He looked around at the wild confusion that reigned in the room, and then at her:

"Lucy, (said he, mildly,) I wish you would put things in a little order; I do dislike such confusion."

She colored, and leaving her seat, flirted off in a pet. Joe looked after her as she slammed the door, and gave a deep sigh, that seemed to say—"Alas! poor Joe Miller!" and from my heart I could have responded it.

The young couple had set out in life with fine prospects. Joe was an industrious, sensible, good-hearted fellow, as one in a hundred; and Lucy was a sweet girl; she is still pretty; but that very habit of carelessness in dress, and mismanagement in her house, has lost her a world of pleasure and satisfaction. And I have even heard it said that she and her husband live unhappily together.

FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACES.

BY A VILLAGE BEAU.

Miss Simper appeared at Saratoga in an elegant suit of sable. She was said to be in mourning for her father, an opulent broker in Baltimore, recently deceased. Grief had wasted her health, and weeping had washed away her roses, and she was come to recover her appetite, and reanimate her blushes.—Miss Simper, of course, was an heiress, and attracted great attention.

About this time, Major Fitzconnell appeared upon the gay scene. He was a tall, handsome man, of easy address, and polished manners, who seemed to regard all around him with an air of very polite unconcern. He was announced an officer in his Britanic Majesty's service, and brother to Ecarl Somebody, in England. It was reported that he had large landed possessions in the west.

Major Fitzconnell and Miss Simper met, by accident, at the fountain. The officer, who had just filled his glass at her approach, presented it to the lady, who, in sipping the transparent element, dropped her handkerchief. The gentleman very gallantly picked up the cambric, and restored it to the owner; but the blushing damsel, abashed by the easy attentions of an elegant stranger, in her confusion, lost her reticule, which the soldier gracefully replaced upon her wrist, with a most respectful bow.

A courtesy on the one side, and another bow on the other, terminated the civilities of this meeting.—The gentleman pursued his walk, and the lady returned to her chamber.

Miss Simper's health required her attendance at the fountain on the following morning, at an unusually early hour; and the Major, while others were sleeping, had sallied forth to enjoy the invigorating freshness of the early breeze. They met again by accident at the propitious well: and, as the attendant, who is usually posted there to fill the glasses of the invalids, had not taken his station, the Major had not only the happiness of performing that office, but of replenishing the exhausted vessel, until the lady had quaffed the full measure prescribed by the medical dictator of this little community. I am not able to say how often they pledged each other in the salubrious beverage; but when the reader is informed that the *quantum* prescribed to a delicate female varies from four to eight glasses, according to the nature of her complaint, and that a lady cannot, decorously, sip more than one mouthful without drawing breath, it will be seen that ample time was afforded, on this occasion, for a *tete-a-tete*. The ice being thus broken, and the water duly quaffed, the gentleman proposed a promenade, to which the lady, after some little hesitation, acceded; and when the great bell summoned them to breakfast, they repaired to the table with excellent appetites, and cheeks, glowing with healthful hues, produced by the exercise of the morning.

At ten o'clock the lady issued forth from her chamber, adorned with new charms, by the recent labors of her toilet, and strolling pensively, book in hand, to the farthest corner of the great piazza, commenced her studies. It happened, at the same moment, that the Major, fresh from his valet's hands, hied to the same cool retreat to breathe forth the melancholy musings of his soul upon his flute. Seeing the lady, he hesitated, begged pardon for his intrusion, and was about to retire; but the lady assured him that it was "no intrusion at all," and laid aside her book. The gentleman was soon seated beside her. He begged to know the subject of her researches, and was delighted with the taste displayed in the choice of her author. She earnestly solicited a display of his musical talents, and was enraptured with every note. And when the same impertinent bell which had curtailed their morning walk, again sounded in their ears, they were surprised to find how swiftly time had flown, and chagrined that the common place operation of eating was so often allowed to interrupt the feast of reason and the flow of wit.

At four o'clock the military stranger handed Miss Simper into an elegant gig, and drove to the neighboring village—where rumor soon proclaimed that this interesting pair were united in the holy bans of matrimony. For once, the many tongues of fame spoke truly; and when the happy Major returned with his blushing bride, all could see that the embarrassment of the lover was exchanged for the triumphant smile of the delightful bridegroom. It is hardly necessary to add, that such was the salutary effect of this pleasing event, that the "young couple" found themselves restored instantaneously to perfect health; and on the following morning they bade adieu to Saratoga Springs.

"This is a very ungenteel affair," said Mrs. Highflyer. "I never heard the beat of it in my born days," said a fat shop-keeper's lady. "How funny," cried one young lady. "How shocking," exclaimed another. "Egad, that's a keen, smart girl," said one gentleman. "She's a tickler, I warrant her," said a second. "She's a pirate, by thunder," roared Captain Holland.

In the meanwhile the new-married pair were pursuing their journey, by easy stages, towards the city of New-York. We all know "how the blest charms of nature improve, when we see them reflected," and so on; and we can readily imagine "how happily the days of Thalaba past by" on this occasion.

As they were drawing near the end of their journey, the Major thought it advisable to broach a delicate matter to his bride. It was upon a fine summer evening, as they sat by a window, at an Inn, enjoying the beauties of an extensive landscape, that this memorable conversation occurred. They had been amusing themselves with that kind of small talk which new-married folks find so vastly pleasant: as how much they love one another, and how happy they intend to be, and what a fine thing it is for two fond hearts to be dissolved and melted down into one, &c. Many examples of love and murder were related; the lady told of several distressed swains who had incontinently hanged themselves for their mistresses, and the gentleman as often asseverated that none of those martyred lovers adored the object of his passion with half the fervor which *he* felt for his *own, dear, sweet darling, precious little Anne!*—At last, throwing his arm over his wife's chair, he said, carelessly, "Who has the management of your property, my dear?" "You have, my darling," replied she. "I *shall* have, when I get it, (said the husband;) I meant to enquire, in whose possession it was at present?" "It is all in your own possession," said the lady. "Do not trifle with me, (said the gentleman, patting her cheek,) you have made me the happy master of your person, and it is time to give me the disposal of your fortune." "My face is my fortune, kind sir," said she, laying her head on his shoulder. "To be plain with you, madam, (said the impassioned bridegroom,) I have need of money, immediately; the hired gig in which we came to this place, is returned, and I have not the means to procure another conveyance." "To be equally candid with you, sir, (replied the happy bride,) I have noth-

ing in the world but what you see." "Have you no real estate?" said the Major, starting on his feet.—"Not an acre." "No bank stock?" "None." "No securities, no jewels, no money?" "Nothing of the kind." "Are you not the daughter and heiress of a rich broker?" "Not I, indeed." "Who the —— are you, then?" "I am your wife, sir, and the daughter of a very honest blacksmith."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Major, starting back with astonishment; then, covering his face with both his hands, he remained for a moment absorbed in thought. Resuming his serenity, he said, in a sneering tone, "I congratulate you, madam, on being the wife of a beggar, like yourself. I am a ruined man, and know not whence to supply my immediate wants." "Can you not draw upon the Earl, your brother?" said the lady. "I have not the honor of being allied to the nobility." "Perhaps you can have recourse to the paymaster of your regiment." "I do not happen to belong to any regiment." "And have you no lands in Arkansas?"—"Not an acre." "Pray, then, sir, may I take the liberty of asking who you are?" "I am your husband, madam, at your service, and only son to a famous gambler, who left me heir to his principles and profession." "My father gave me a good education," said the lady. "So did mine, (said the gentleman,) but it has not prevented me from trumping the wrong trick this time."

So saying, Major Fitzconnell bounced out of the chamber, hastened to the bar, and called the landlord. His interesting bride followed on tip-toe, and listened, unobserved. The Major enquired at what hour the mail stage would pass for New-York. "About midnight," was the reply. "Please to secure me a seat, (said the Major,) and let me be waked at the proper hour." "Only one seat?" enquired the host. "One seat only," was the reply. The landlord remarked that it was customary for gentlemen, who set off in the night, to pay their fare in advance; upon which the Major paid for the seat.

The Major and his bride retired to separate chambers; the former was soon locked in the arms of sleep, but the latter repelled the drowsy god from her eye-lids. When she heard the stage drive up to the door of the Inn, she hastily rose, and having previously made up her bundle, without which a lady never steals a march, hastened down stairs. Upon the way she met the landlord, who enquired if her husband was awake. "He is not, (said the lady,) and need not be disturbed." "The seat was taken for you, then?" enquired the Innkeeper. "Certainly." "Oh, very well; we'll not disturb the gentleman; the stage is ready, madam, jump in." Mrs. Fitzconnell jumped in accordingly, and was soon on her way to New-York, leaving the gallant and ingenious Major to provide another conveyance, and a new wife, at his leisure.

A WITTY QUAKER.

A young girl from the country, lately on a visit to a Mr. H——, a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one; none of the brethren being moved by the Spirit to utter a syllable. When Mr. H. left the meeting-house, with his young friend, he asked her "How dost thee like the meeting?" to which she pettishly replied, "Like it! why, I can see no sense in it, to go and sit for whole hours together, without speaking a word, it is enough to kill the devil."—"Yea, my dear, (rejoined the Quaker,) that is just what we want."

POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Maxcy—

The following beautiful little Sonnet to Hope was written by a very young Lady, of this town, whose extreme modesty has hitherto prevented its publication. It having accidentally fallen into my hands, I beg, as a favor, that it may be rescued from oblivion by being transplanted to your columns.

Yours,

AMICUS.

Providence, March 23, 1826.

SONNET TO HOPE.

Oh! ever skill'd to wear the form we love;
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart;
Come, gentle Hope, with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.

Thy voice, benign enchantress, let me hear:
Say, that, for me, some pleasures yet shall bloom!
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.

But come not, glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once, with dear illusions, charm'd my eye!
Oh! strew no more, sweet flatterer, on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.

Visions, less fair, will sooth my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

ANGELINA.

ADIEU—FOREVER.

You say, alas! you'll think no more
Of the sweet dreams that fill'd your brain,
That all your cherish'd hopes are o'er,
You will not see my smile again.

Ah! that same smile continual plays,
For you alone this heart doth beat,
For you alone in fondness prays,
And weeps that we should coldly meet.

Oh! if your heart could beat as fond
As her's so oft you treat with scorn,
No cause should rive the tender bond
You now have so unkindly torn.

You may find one whose blushing smile,
To gain you'd think an envied bliss;
But tho' her charms may cheer awhile,
Her heart can never love like this.

Think not I wish to sway your heart,
Or warp its feelings to my will;
No, I disdain the guise of art,
Candor, alone, my heart shall fill.

Adieu! and may you never feel
The pangs that rack my lonely breast;
Such dreams as o'er your slumbers steal,
I ne'er shall know till death gives rest.

And when the chords of life shall sever,
Broken by fondness too sincere,
You'll think on her who's gone forever,
And drop a tributary tear.

ELIZABETH M.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe;
To see the infant's tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;

To meet the meek uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
You can but tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.

Thro' dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;

To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
This is a mother's grief.

To see, in one short hour, decay'd,
The hope of future years;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;

To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all the treasur'd joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet, when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think, "my *child* is *there*."—

This best can dry the gushing tears,
This yields the heart relief;
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

☞ The following lines, which are copied from the Connecticut Magazine, are inserted by particular request.

MIDNIGHT.

BY A LADY, AGED SIXTEEN.

How sweet is the night, when in silver beams straying,
The moon softly tinges the still-gliding wave,

While in whispers the breeze 'mong the branches is playing,
And soft falls the leaf in its watery grave.

No sound strikes the ear, save the soul-thrilling murmur
The waterfall sends on the breath of the night,
Whilst echo repeats the low sound, long and firmer,
And cheers the lull'd bosom with simple delight.

The summer-house, built 'neath the boughs of the willow,
Hangs pensively over the breeze-dimpled stream;
While the moon's silver radience bespangles the billow,
That sparkles and melts in the soft trembling gleam.

Sure the mild stream is spread to remove ev'ry sorrow,
To cheer the lone bosom with rapture sincere;
From pleasures like these reflection should borrow
A something to dry up the grief-falling tear.

How sweet are the hours of lone contemplation,
When silence and moon-light repass on the scene;
The heart then can offer a purer oblation
Than when the gay objects of day intervene.

Is not this a season to friendship improving,
Or love to become an effection divine;
And religion in strains that are solemnly moving
To heaven the thoughts of her bosom resign?

O! may virtue forever afford me protection,
Inculcate her precepts and guide me in truth;
May my heart be the seat of no baneful affection,
To imbitter in age, or to sully in youth.

D. C. J.

A SONG.

Go, youth beloved, to distant glades,
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find:
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.

Thy love, thy fate, dear youth to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer—
Forget me not, forget me not.

Yet should the thoughts of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me.

But, oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness, be thy lot,
And thou requir'st a soothing friend—
Forget me not, forget me not.

STANZAS.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh,
And yet thou wert surpassing dear,
Too loved of all to die.

I know not what hath sear'd mine eye;
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny,
Falls dreary on my heart.

Yes—deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink and turn to care;
As cavern'd waters wear the stone;
Yet, dropping, harden there.

They cannot petrify more fast
Than feelings sunk remain,
Which, coldly fix'd, regard the past,
But never melt again. BYRON.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1826.

LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

It is said that Cooper, the novelist, received five thousand dollars for the copy-right of the "Last of the Mohicans."

OHIO RIVER.

The subjoined parapraph is from the Louisville Public Advertiser, of the 8th ultimo:

"The Ohio river is now very full. In the north, or lowest part of the town, such of the inhabitants as have not abandoned their dwellings, have been driven into the upper stories of them. Steam-Boats are riding majestically in our streets, and occasionally making excursions through our lots, passing over fences, &c."

DUEL EXTRAORDINARY.

We learn from the Cheraw (S. C.) Intelligencer, that a most laughable Duel took place in the suburbs of that town a few days ago. A young man highly offended a loose character, who is rather fond of whiskey, when he challenged the youth to fight with muskets at a certain hour at an appointed place. The young man, merely for a little sport, agreed to his proposals. Accordingly, our whiskey hero, with his friend, repaired to the appointed place, with a loaded musket, and waited for his intended victim some time past the specified hour. Presently he observed some bushes near him shaking, and supposing it was his adversary, skulking behind them to obtain some advantage, he fired at the spot with great intrepidity—down fell something—and, imagining he had occasioned his adversary to "shuffle off this mortal coil," our valorous knight took to his heels, with all possible despatch. His friend, nothing daunted, proceeded to the bloody spot—and—lo!—he had shot a COW!!

SINGULAR DEFORMITY.

We have been informed, (says the Western Carolinian,) that there is a white female now living in Buncombe county, N. C. about thirteen years of age, who was born destitute of legs and arms. Her body is of the usual size; and is as perfect, in every respect, as any of nature's works; her head, however, although of regular formation, is something larger than that of common persons; her features are regular, and even pleasing. Our informant, (who is a medical gentleman,) saw the young woman, and conversed with her mother. She stated that her daughter could talk as sensible as any child of that age. She sits up in a chair, (being tied to it,) most part of the day. Not having the least sign of a leg or arm, she is obliged to be removed by others, when she wishes to change her position.

AN HONORABLE AFFAIR.

A Duel was fought, on Saturday afternoon last, about six miles from the city of Washington, on the Virginia side, by Honorable Henry Clay, Secretary of State, and Honorable John Randolph, of Roanoke, Senator of the United States. Seconds to Mr. C. General Jesup, of the Army, and Mr. Johnston, Senator from Louisiana; Seconds to Mr. R. Messrs. Tatnall and Hamilton, members of the House. They fought, with pistols, at the usual distance. The first fire was ineffectual; Mr. Clay's ball cut the gown which Mr. Randolph wore. At the signal for the second fire, Mr. Clay discharged his pistol without effect; Mr. Randolph reserved his fire, then fired in the air, and, advancing, offered his hand to Mr. Clay. Thus this *honorable* affair ended. Both parties are said to have *behaved extremely well.*

There will be an Exhibition, on Thursday next, at 10 o'clock, in the Chapel of the University, by a part of the Junior Class.

Wanted immediately, a few copies of the 35th No. of the Ladies Museum, for which a reasonable price will be given, on application at this Office.

MARRIED,

In this town, on the 6th inst. by Rev. Mr. Seamans, Mr. George B. Whitford, to Miss Sarah Ann Place, all of this town.

DIED,

In this town, 6th inst. James H. son of Mr. Joseph Field, aged 7 months.

On Saturday last, John S. Levitt, son of Mr. Oliver Holmes, aged 18 months.

On the 7th inst. Frances Smith, infant daughter of Mr. J. W. Fosdick, aged 11 months.

On Wednesday morning last, William Tyler, Esq. in the 75th year of his age.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Peleg A. Buffum, second son of Hon. Thomas Buffum, in the 21st year of his age.

Same evening, Charles Smith, son of Major William R. Frost, aged 4 years.

On Thursday morning last, David Atwood, infant son of Mr. James E. Butts. Funeral this afternoon, from his father's residence, in High-Street.

☞ New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.